Cute, For An Older Guy

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Cute, For An Older Guy

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Duncan meets young Will at a bar...

Hannibal Bingo Prompt: "You're cute for an older guy" (Polar)

Notes

Second fic on my Hannibal Bingo Card!

Hannibal Bingo

Lenny (Bleeder)	Teen Parent Will Graham	Lesbian Freddie Lounds	Armor (HEU)
Harem	Over-the-Knee Spanking	Ménage à Trois	Will's Shed
"All I need is to get one hand free"	Renaissance AU	**Free Space**	The Tree Man Tableau
"You're cute for an older guy" (Polar)	"Life didn't seem to be going his way"	A Good Finger-Wagging	Harpy Knife

“Buy me a drink, daddy?”

It took Duncan a moment to realise that the young man standing next to him at the bar was talking to him. And *young man* was being generous, he wasn’t sure this kid was even legally old enough to drink.

Duncan huffed and turned back to the bar.

“Please?” It was almost a whine, and Duncan could feel him hovering at his elbow.

Without looking back to him, Duncan huffed again and replied, “You even old enough to drink?”

“I’m twenty two,” the young man laughed, a gentle tinkle that made Duncan shiver.

Duncan turned to look at him, studying his face. Maybe it was the light, because he’d still swear the kid wasn’t a day over nineteen, though something about his smirk made him look older, at least more worldly. Maybe it was the ‘daddy’ bit.

“If you’re twenty two, surely you can buy your own drink,” Duncan’s tone was no nonsense as he turned to the bar again. But the persistent young man didn’t give up. Instead he pulled up the stool next to Duncan and sat down, leaning in to speak to him.

“I can, but I like to be spoiled.”

Duncan swallowed, he was getting fucking hard whether he liked it or not. He hadn’t planned on this tonight. Just another quiet night in Triple Oak. If he wanted sex he’d go to one of his regulars in one of the many cities he travelled through for work.

Maybe that was why he was hard? It had been a while. He’d been content settling into the quiet way of life here. Being a man he’d never imagined he could be.

“Why me? Plenty of other prospects in here,” Duncan pressed, not bothering to look around to see if his claim was true. This place wasn’t exactly full of queer folk, and he wasn’t even sure why this kid would assume he was one of those few.

The young man leaned closer, his chest against Duncan’s arm as he muttered next to his ear, “You’re cute for an older guy, you look hot in those glasses. And, besides… I can tell you’re dangerous. I like dangerous men.”

Duncan drew back at that and studied him.

“I’m not dangerous,” he countered immediately.

There was another light laugh and then the boy’s hand was running lightly down his back.

“The way you sit, the tightness here,” his hand glided just to the left of Duncan’s spine where he’d been stabbed years before. “You may hide it well under your clothes, but your body has been broken and healed more times than I’ve had hot dinners.”

Duncan shuddered as the hand moved lightly over him, finding more healed wounds; another stab, two bullet holes.

“You a psychic or something?” Duncan asked warily. This kid didn’t strike him as a criminal but he clearly knew something about violence.

“Something like that,” the young man chuckled again. “You gonna buy me a drink?” He asked again.

With a grumble, Duncan signalled the bartender and the kid ordered his drink. A whiskey. Which he promptly knocked back, leaving just a large cube of ice sliding around the tumbler.

“Thirsty?” Duncan jibbed.

Another soft chuckle, “no, just getting up the nerve to invite myself over to your place.”

“Haven’t you got a curfew? You strike me as someone who’d like the thrill of sneaking someone into mom and pop’s house.”

“No,” the smile fell only a little as the young man replied. “I have my own place, but it gets lonely, daddy. My parents aren’t in my life.” The boy blushed and Duncan wondered whether he’d intended to add that last bit. Or maybe he was just trying to play Duncan.

Duncan huffed. He hadn’t thought of his own parents in years, part of a past that no longer felt like his own. They’d likely feel the same way though, and probably wouldn’t be placated by the idea that he was bi, considering most women he slept with he paid to do so.

“You’re new here,” Duncan changed the subject, but was equally interested.

“New Orleans,” the kid said in such a final way that denied any follow up questions. Which was fair, he was angling for a hook-up not a date. That thought prompted Duncan’s next question--

“Aren’t I too old for you?”

Finally another chuckle, and this time a hand on his thigh.

“You’re exactly old enough,” the kid crooned, “So, shall we get out here?” He asked as his hand travelled further up Duncan’s leg and slid over his crotch. There was no hiding how much he’d stiffened and how his cock twitched at the contact. “Unless, you’re not interested.”

The hand was suddenly gone and the kid was getting up from his stool.

“Wait,” Duncan growled, grabbing the young man’s arm. “I’m Duncan.”

There was quiet for a moment and then he felt the kid relax before he replied, “Will.”

*

Duncan couldn’t remember what it was like to be twenty-two. He was fit and agile, could move better than many men his age, but it all fucking hurt. He couldn’t remember a day when he didn’t have at least a few aches and pains. If anything retirement had made it worse, he wasn’t as active and everything was just so stiff.

One more thing than usual right now as the kid, Will, walked around his cabin picking things up and looking at them. There was no denying how attractive the young man was, and he had the way of being forward that Duncan always liked.

“You a recluse or something?” Will asked, a slight Southern lilt coming through.

Duncan knew people well enough, and had travelled widely enough to get a good sense of people and their places. He’d immediately clocked Will as not being local, but despite the accent, Duncan was sure he wasn’t strictly Southern either. He may have said New Orleans but Duncan was pretty sure Will moved around a lot as a kid, never really putting down roots. He’d been in the South long enough to pick up an accent but not long enough for it to really stick.

“Or something,” Duncan replied, which earned him a smirk that made him want to grab the kid and throw him over the table. But Duncan wasn’t one to lose his cool, it didn’t pay in his profession, no matter how ragingly hard he was.

Besides, there was something about this whole situation that made him step back, waiting for Will to make all the first moves. There was something about him that made Duncan sure that regardless of wanting to call him daddy, he needed to call the shots.

So he continued to watch as Will wandered around his cabin. He poured them both a whiskey and took his tumbler over to his armchair, where he sank down and continued to watch. Will looked out of the window for a few moments before collecting his own glass and knocking back the drink and setting the glass back down. His eyes were on Duncan then as he strolled towards him, a seductive sway to his hips.

He knew the boy was going to sit in his lap, the intent so clear, so he made himself comfortable and spread his legs a little. Will did as anticipated, straddling Duncan with his own legs spread wide as he settled with their hard cocks pressed together through their respective trousers.

“Mmm,” Duncan put his hands on Will’s hips and encouraged him to rock forward. Not that it took much encouragement at all.

“Yes, daddy,” Will said, breathless as his hands went to Duncan’s shoulders. He held on tight as he writhed in Duncan’s lap. “Is this what you want? Want to come in your pants for me?”

Until he’d said the words it hadn’t been the end goal for Duncan, but once the words had been uttered he could think of nothing he wanted more. To let this boy take him apart as he saw fit.

“Yeah, kid. Make me come for you. That what you want?”

Will let out a sound something between a whine and a moan as he picked up the pace, grinding his hard cock against Duncan’s, harder and harder. The friction was unbelievable and Duncan had to stop himself from thrusting up against Will.

“Yes, daddy!” Will groaned as he rut harder against Duncan, their hard cocks pressed together over and over. Will was almost bouncing in his lap whilst managing to keep constant contact and pressure, until Duncan was barely able to hold on.

Each movement had him almost there, and then away again, like being edged. But then Will stopped, seated right over his dick, he started to circle his hips, grinding down on Duncan in a way that was going to make him cream himself in pretty short order.

Will continued to writhe, his expression one of pleasure with his lips slightly parted. He was fucking beautiful. And he was so good at this. What should have been something akin to teenage boys rutting together for the first time, was instead near professional.

The thought made Duncan growl.

He wasn't usually possessive, it didn't pay to have connections in his line of work. But thinking about how Will might have become so good at this filled him with an unexpected heat in his gut. One that had him grabbing the boy and kissing him hard as he continued to fuck their hard dicks together. There was something compelling about Will, something that made Duncan want to own him. And for someone that usually paid for sex with absolutely no strings, it was an unusual feeling.

The kiss was broken when neither of them could hold back their moans, Will's turning into little cries of "daddy, daddy, daddy," until he finally shuddered. The look of absolute bliss on Will's face was what sent Duncan over the edge, and they both rode out their climaxes together rutting hard against each other until they were both completely spent.

When Will collapsed against him, panting hard and shaking, Duncan automatically wrapped his arms around the boy and held him. Part of him didn't want to let go.

He couldn't even say why, what it was about Will that had made him want to hook-up, and now didn't want the evening to end. Maybe it was because Duncan could sense that Will was dangerous too. Not just to him, because Duncan really was in danger of being totally compromised. But more than that. Something in the way he carried himself and the way he clearly wasn't even a little bit intimidated by Duncan, made him sure Will was absolutely lethal. He liked dangerous men because he understood them.

When Will recovered and pulled back from him, Duncan forced himself to let go, watching as Will adjusted his jeans and then walked over to the drink stand. He poured himself another whiskey and drank it down just as fast as he had the first one. Then he placed the tumblr back down and grabbed his jacket.

"Got a curfew after all?" Duncan teased, trying to hide how desperately he wanted to keep Will there with him, forcing himself to remain seated.

Will quirked a brow and shook his head, smirking when he replied "never knew my mother and I left my homophobic dad back in Louisiana when this cabin sitting opportunity came up." Will shrugged on his jacket and Duncan clenched his fists on the arms of the chair to hold himself back. "Do a bit of handiwork, basic custodial stuff until the owner is back from overseas, whilst I'm at school studying forensics." It was a lot of information all at once and the way heat blushed across the kid's face made Duncan wonder whether he'd intended to say it all or not. In the end, Will continued "Cosy place, cute neighbour."

Will grinned then and opened the door, stepping out into the cool night air. Maybe he was playing Duncan, attempting to hustle him in some way. Feeding him these tidbits of information that Duncan shouldn't give a fuck about but actually made him want Will more. Made him want to protect and possess him.

Duncan got up from the chair, grimacing at the sensation of cooling come in his pants, but ignoring it to follow Will outside.

He had stamina, despite his age he knew he could get hard again and go another round. He opened his mouth to say as much when Will pointed at the cabin across the lake.

"See? Nice place. Cute neighbour," he turned to Duncan, cupped his face and pulled him into a soft kiss. "For an older guy."

With that Will was gone, a few strides from the cabin before he called back "feel free to visit any time you're feeling lonely."

Duncan watched him for a few moments before going back inside and shutting the cabin door, intent on stepping back from all this. Evaluating and staying calm. Not letting himself get played, if that was what was happening. And not letting himself get attached would be a smart move either way.

It was a full five minutes before he grabbed his own jacket and left his cabin, off to visit his new neighbour.

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